NUMB. CXLII.

The Prompter.

Friendſhip's *more nice than* Love,——*for, 'tis a* Rule,
He cannot *be a* FRIEND, *who is a* FOOL.

Mrs. Phillips.

TUESDAY, MARCH 16. 1736.

LET the *Stage* breathe a little.—I ſhall return to it, often; and renew my good Council, with unwearied Application: Yet, I fear, I am *waſhing a Black-moor:* And, what indeed does it ſignify, (to confeſs a plain Truth) whether he *whitens*, or *darkens*, his Skin, unleſs *They*, whom it is his Intereſt to pleaſe, had *Eyes, to obſerve his Diſtinction.*

IN the mean Time, I muſt make way, for ſome Correſpondents, who deſerve that Regard: And, among them, am oblig'd, for a *Receipt* of great Uſe in Life, to a Gentleman, who ſubſcribes himſelf,

Phil-Amicus.

A Receipt to compoſe Friendſhip.

FRIENDSHIP is a Compoſition, of Extracts from ſeveral rare *Simples*; which when skilfully choſen, and properly prepar'd, make an ineſtimable, and uncommon *Conſerve*. It was in uſe in the Days of *Adam*, and has been of incredible Service to his unhappy Deſcendants, who have experienced it to be a *Catholicon* for all their Diſorders, (thoſe of the *Mind* eſpecially) the diſaſtrous *Effects* of *his* Surfeit, raſhly eating of a dangerous *Fruit*, when over-heated with *Paſſion* and *Prejudice*.

IT may be in Form of a *Draught*, being of taken the higheſt *Cordial* Nature, yet having in it ſeveral Ingredients, which are *cooling*; and, both ſo compounded, as to *correct*, and *aſſiſt* each other.

IT is an admirable *Reſtorative*, in all Kinds of *Hyſteric* and *Hypocondriac* Vapours; as alſo in Convulſions, and Epilepſies of the *Mind:* It is ſo congenial to the Nature of Man, that by exciting a *regular* Circulation, of Thoughts and of Spirits, it prevents both *Stagnation* and *violent Motion*, reducing every Faculty to its proper *Tone*; and by diffuſing itſelf through the whole Conſtitution, ſettles it in a State of *Perfection*.

NOR is it only a *Reſtorative* in theſe, and ten thouſand other Caſes incident to Man. It is alſo ſuch an excellent *Purgative*, that perhaps there never was *Cathartic*, ſo ſafe, and effectual, as this, in all the dreadful Variety of Diſorders, which ariſe from the Fever, call'd *Love*.

THIS immortal *Panacea* was diſcover'd by the Inhabitants of *Eden*; in which delightful Situation, the *Plants* and *Herbs* it is drawn from, were firſt known to flouriſh; having been originally tranſplanted thither from their native Soil in the *Cæleſtial* Regions, for the Benefit of that *new Colony*. From thence they have been carried into almoſt every Nation; and in *temperate* Climates, with proper *Document*, been brought to tolerable Perfection. But ever ſince that unhappy *Malediction* on the Ground, they have *ſadly degenerated*; the Soil, for want of being properly cultivated and manur'd, having not only brought forth *Thorns*, to the Prejudice of their Growth; but alſo innumerable poiſonous Plants, baleful as *Night-ſhade*, *Aconnite*, or *Hemlock*.

THE greateſt Caution and Judgment therefore is requir'd in *culling* and *collecting* theſe Simples, as well as in *compounding* them; due Reſpect being had to the Nature of the Soil, in which they are found; whence they often receive a *Tincture*, that renders them not only unpalatable, but apt to turn *ſower* upon the Stomach.

WITH theſe Admonitions, you may proceed to collect the Ingredients, *viz.*

THE *Flower* of *Good Senſe*—This muſt be of the Sort that grows in a Mould, by Nature *warm*, and *open*; which, being cultivated with Care and Induſtry, preſerves it in perpetual *Bloom.*——But, no *artificial Manure* can effect it, ſo as to raiſe this nice Flower in Perfection; but it will ſtill be diſcolour'd, and unſerviceable, if not nauſeous and prejudicial.

ESTEEM—of which the genuine Sort will never flouriſh in any Soil very different from the former—

It

It is a Plant as *flagrant* as the *Orange*; and like That, continually bears *Bloſſoms*, and *Fruit*, both ripe and green at the ſame time.

SINCERITY—is a *Root*, that is very hard and firm, of moſt beautiful Contexture, lovely to the Eye, and exquiſite to the Taſte.—This is indeed very *ſcarce*, but may be *found*, in the Gardens of a few *Virtuoſi*, who have applied themſelves to *Exotic Culture*.

FIDELITY is a *Tree*, of the mountainous and Foreſt Kind, very firmly *rooted*, and not eaſily *ſhaken*. Its Stem is of ſuch a Conſiſtence, that no Inſtrument can make an *Inciſion*; its very *Bark* is impenetrable—This invaluable Ingredient is more ſcarce than the former; but may be met with, here and there, in *Parks* remote from the *Smoak* of *Cities*.—It has an admirable *Stiptic* Quality, of a very peculiar Nature, in that it binds the *volatile* Eſſence of SECRETS.

SECRETS are a Sort of *Sweet-Herbs*, of which there is great Variety generally made uſe of in this Mixture: They are in their general Nature very innocent, inoffenſive Ingredients; but if well choſen and apply'd, give an agreeable *Reliſh*, and add conſiderably to the *Value*.

CONSTANCY is a *Buſh*, like a *Bay-tree*; in Taſte, not unlike the former; and partaking in many of its Qualities—It has alſo ſomething of the Nature of *Ever-greens*, in that it knows no *Fall of Leaf*.—This is likewiſe a *Reſtringent*, and abſolutely neceſſary, as a Corrective for ſome of the *laxer* Ingredients.

CONFIDENCE is a *Fruit* like a *Cherry*, the Virtues of which are ineſtimable. The Plant that produces it, is remarkably backward in Growth; but when it happens to *take*, ſpreads, and regenerates, like the *Indian Fig-tree*, (as *Milton* has thus beautifully deſcrib'd it.)

> *Branching, ſo broad and long, that in the Ground,*
> *The bended Twigs take Root, and* Daughters *grow*
> About *the* Mother-Tree, *a* PILLAR'D SHADE,
> *High over-arch'd.*———

To this muſt be plentifully added,

FRANKNESS—a fair, broad, open *Flower*, odorous, and beautifully growing under the Shade of the foremention'd Plant, but apt to be *blaſted*, in *expos'd* Situations.

DISINTERESTEDNESS, a *Shrub*, of no great Height, but *bending*, on all Sides, to the Earth, and continually *ſhedding its Seed*, in all Quarters.

THESE are the principal Ingredients; but ſome nice Operators have added two more, and ſuppoſe them to be equally neceſſary. The firſt is a kind, creeping, *Vine*, call'd,

SYMPATHY; yet many have doubted, whether there really ever was ſuch a thing as this *Sympathetick Plant*, properly ſo called: Others allow, *there was*; yet, deny, that it was tranſplanted from *Paradiſe*; or that it could poſſibly *grow* in any *other* Soil, or Climate: But, ſome again, more curious in their Reſearches into Nature, inform us, that even in our Northern Expoſure, we have of it in very good Perfection; and they tell us, it may eaſily be known by ſeveral peculiar Qualities. They aſſert, that it grows *deeper* than any other Plant; that its *Root* is of a beautiful *Sanguine* Complexion; that it hath innumerable *tender Fibres*, of a very ſingular Contexture, which it is *impoſſible to eradicate*; and that its *Fruits* are *perennial*, and *unſubject* to *Blitings*: They add, that there are *two* Sorts, the *ſweet*, and the *bitter*; and are for the Uſe of *both*, in this Compoſition; adviſing to take Root and Branch, and maintaining it to be of ſingular Advantage.

THE other is a pale, low, Shrub, like *Wormwood*, and the Name of it is,

JEALOUSY, of a very *bitter* Taſte, yet, a ſmall Proportion of its Tincture, gives a certain agreeable *Briſkneſs* to the Compoſition; but if it happens to *predominate*, (as it is very apt to do) it proves deſtructive of its *End*, and makes the whole the moſt nauſeous, and unpalatable Mixture in Nature.

TO theſe eſſential Particulars, innumerable others may be added at Pleaſure, according to the Diſpoſition and Conſtitution of thoſe who make uſe of it.

TAKE an *Extract*, (*ſecundum Artem*) of theſe ſeveral Ingredients, and *mix* in ſuch Proportion, as that each may communicate its proper Taſte, yet the *firſt* alone *predominate*. Let them be diluted with an *Aqua Compoſita* of *Prudence* and *Diſcretion*, and ſweetned with the Honey of *kind Wiſhes*, and *good Offices*.—Some have a happy Art of *zeſting* it with *Humour*, or *Wit*, which moſt agreeably heightens the *Flavour*.—Let All be *well ſettled*, before you enter upon the *Uſe* of it; and you will find it unperiſhable, and improve greatly, by *Keeping*.

N. B. Beware of Counterfeits; for many thro' Ignorance, and others thro' Deſign, have moſt groſly *adulterated* this Receipt; compounding Ingredients, whoſe Qualities, however ſpecious to outward Appearance, are, in Virtue, directly OPPOSITE.

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